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FORGIVENESS.

BY JOHN CRUTCHER, PRISONER.

Man hath two attendant angels
Ever waiting at his side;
With him whoso'er he wanders,
Whoso'er his feet abide,
One to warn him when he wanders,
And rebuke him if he stray;
One to lead him to his mansion,
And so let him go his way.
Two recording spirits, ready
All his life's minutest part,
Looking in his soul, and listening
To the beatings of his heart;
Each with pen of fire electric,
Writes the good or evil wrought—
Writes with truth, that adds not, errs not,
Purpose—action—word—and thought.
One, the Teacher and Reprover,
Marks each heaven-deserving deed;
Graves it with the lightning's voice,
Seals it with the lightning's speed;
For the good that men achieve,
Good beyond an angel's doubt—
Such merits for aye and ever,
One cannot be blotted out.
One (severe and silent Watcher)
Notes every crime and guilt,
Writes it with a holy duty,
Seals it not but waits awhile;
If the evil doer cry not—
"God forgive me!" ere he sleeps,
Then the sad, stern seal is set,
And the gentler spirit weeps.
To the sinner if Repentance
Cometh soon, with healing wings,
Then the dark account is cancelled,
And each joy is full and bright;
Hast the erring one perceived—
Now his troubled hour is o'er—
Music, fragrance wafted to him
From a yet untrodden shore!
Mild and mighty is Forgiveness,
Meekly worn, if meekly won;
Let our hearts go forth to seek it,
Ere the setting of the sun;
Angels wait and long to hear us
Ask it, ere the time be down;
Let us give it, and receive it,
Ere the midnight cometh down!

STATE PRISON.

We have received the Annual Report of the Warden of the State Prison, by which it appears that the number of convicts on the 1st of January was 69, which is four less than at the corresponding period of the previous year. The crimes for which they were committed are as follows: Larceny, 26; arson, 2; burglary, 2; forgery, 1; murder, 1; murder, sentence commuted, 1; murder, second degree, 1; manslaughter, 5; rape, 2; adultery, 2; assault, with intent to ravish, 3; robbery, 5; shopbreaking, 5; larceny, 3.

The Warden remarks: I think that the affairs of the prison during the last year will compare favorably with any former year since the prison went into operation. It gives me great pleasure to say, that the conduct of the prisoners has been remarkably good. They have attended to their various duties with cheerfulness and faithfulness, and the results will show while the punishments have greatly fallen off in comparison with former years. There have been fifty days spent in solitary confinement as punishment during the last year.

I have been obliged to resort to corporal punishment in two instances, not however until I had spent two years in exerting all other means in my power to bring them to a sense of their duty; and I am happy to say, that all I have to regret is, that I did not commence with them at an earlier day. On taking charge of this prison nearly four years since, I was determined to pursue a mild and gentle course with the convicts, and believe that the under officers generally have been of the same mind, but there are some men who find their way into our prisons, whom you cannot reach through gentleness and kindness. I am willing to admit, however, that the number is small, and that corporal punishment should be a last resort.

There has been no material change in the business operations since my last report. The various departments have been quite successful, and about all the work has been disposed of to advantage. The net earnings of the wheelwrights amount to two thousand and ten dollars and two cents. The earnings of the blacksmiths, one thousand and six hundred and thirty-two dollars and twenty-five cents; of the shoemakers, two thousand, five hundred and thirty-four dollars and twenty cents; of the basket making, six hundred and twenty-seven dollars and one cent; of the quarry, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six dollars and twenty cents; and fees from visitors, two hundred and seventeen dollars and twenty-four cents; making in all eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-six dollars and ninety-two cents.

The expenses of the prison, exclusive of officers' salaries and building and repairs, have been as follows, viz: subsistence, thirty-three hundred and seventy-five dollars and thirty cents; for fuel and lights, eight hundred and

fifty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents; for convicts discharged, three hundred and eighteen dollars and thirty-two cents; for team, three hundred and thirty-five dollars; for expense account, fourteen hundred and twenty-eight dollars and twenty-three cents; for clothing, four hundred and ninety-six dollars and sixty-two cents; making six thousand eight hundred and ten dollars and ninety-eight cents; which leaves a balance of two thousand and seventy-five dollars and ninety-four cents over and above the expenses. With this balance we have paid on old debts the sum of eight hundred and fifteen dollars and forty-seven cents, and the remainder we have used in finishing the wall which was commenced three years since, and which has been continued through the past season.

From the Report of the Inspectors, accompanying the Report of the Warden, we copy the following remarks: We find the physical condition of the prisoners as favorable as can be expected where a strict prison discipline is enforced. They are well supplied with plain but wholesome food, and are well clad with comfortable though cheap clothing, and each cell occupied by a prisoner is well furnished with comfortable bedding. That part of the prison in which the convicts are lodged is well ventilated, and is warmed with four stoves, so that all appears to be done, to promote their personal comfort, that can be done, consistent with prison regulations.

From the record of punishment, we learn that but fifty-five days have been passed in solitary confinement by convicts the past year, showing a decided decrease of punishment when compared with former years, while the increased profits of the different departments, shows that the diminution is not the result of any remission or laxity on part of officers of the prison; but is evidence of the improvement in the conduct of prisoners, generally induced, we believe, by the hope that this improvement will be their recommendation to executive favor. And in connection with this subject we would say, that we believe the free exercise of the pardoning power to have a beneficial influence upon the conduct of convicts; for all are anxious to be relieved from some portions of their sentences, and in no other way can they effect so much in accomplishing this (to them desirable object, as they can by faithfully performing their tasks, strictly obeying the orders of their overseers, and at all times regarding the rules and regulations of the prison.

While these advantages are obtained from the convict when in prison, we believe that a healthy moral influence is exerted upon him after he has left this institution; or if he not lost to every feeling of humanity, it will awaken a sense of gratitude, that will prompt him to pursue such a course in life as would prove himself worthy of the confidence thus reposed in him. We do not wish to be understood to say that we believe such would be the result in all cases, where the convict was judged by the executive upon the merits of his conduct in prison, in connection with his previous course and habits of life.

We believe severity of punishment often defeats its own purpose, by irritating its victim, and often engendering the worst of passions, revenge particularly so, when the victim believes that he is pursued in vindictiveness, and the last outcome of the "pound of flesh" has been exacted, what the belief is well founded or not.

The prison appears very neat and clean in all parts, and all things seem to be in their appropriate places—and the property of the State in all the departments appeared to be well cared for by the able and efficient overseers in charge of them, and the most untiring industry appeared to prevail at all times, in the different departments of business in this situation.

Modern Inventions.

This is the age of wonderful inventions and vast enterprises—a startling original discovery, which we request the observant reader to take due notice of. We begin to think that there is nothing in the wide realm of imagination that "enterprising citizens" cannot achieve; as we are quite sure there can be nothing that they are not prepared to attempt. We are daily expecting to see fire extracted from water to illuminate our stores and cook our victuals—a feat whose narrow failure of accomplishment we have hitherto been pained to record. That association for the scientific regulation of storms, and supplying rain in seasons of drought, who have to the present time only acted in newspapers and pamphlets, may be ready for practical operation against the exigencies of the next potato crop. The pious sects whose hope and aim appears to be to hasten the advent of the day of judgment, and who are now clanking under disappointment at the last postponement of the predicted event, are again preparing their white robes, and may perhaps succeed in bringing about the end of all things in 1854—which will certainly be the last and crowning triumph of mortal enterprise, and save mankind the sins and expenses of the next Presidential election.

To bring back the spirits of the departed is now-a-days a trifling achievement; may we not hope that the day is not far distant when they will be put to useful purposes? Now that we can at any moment compel them from their "vasty depths," why not make them serviceable? If Livingston and Story come obedient to the summons of Judge Edmunds, why not re-install

their spirits in the places they filled with so much honor while in the body, and save the salaries of mortal judges of less ability. We are in want of new dramas, and there is notoriously no man who can write them; yet the ghosts of Shakespeare and Sheridan may be longing for the opportunity! People in the country are crying out for lack of "help," and yet Mr. Nozzle and Miss Doodle command the services of robust spirits, who lift with ease heavy tables, with three or four men upon them! Confound the lazy rascals! let them be employed in more profitable and sensible occupations.—The year 1854 reduced the old difficulty of "raising the devil" to a very simple matter: let 1854 put the villain to work, to prevent him from doing further mischief, and to reform his morals. The more modern and far greater difficulty of "raising the wind" remains to be conquered, and with the discovery of "perpetual motion," will, we trust, be among the new inventions that an anxious world is waiting to welcome. The grand Pacific Railroad Company, under the auspices of Messrs. R. J. Walker, Hooker, &c., is bent on solving the first of these problems; and if human ingenuity and pertinacity can elucidate the mystery of financial wind raising, it is in a fair way of being made intelligible to the simplest capacity that has a few thousands to invest. The act of creating a railroad from nothing is already understood, but to manufacture credit out of nothing, insolency and a reputation for desperate financial "sharp practice," is an achievement worthy of the monetary genius of the age; and its successful accomplishment will be hailed with rapture by the thousands of "poor devils" afflicting society.—*New York Sunday Times.*

THE WISE THOUGHT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"We may as well give it up," Morris Donovan took, "would be as easy to twist the top of the great hill of Howth, as to make father and mother agree about any one thing. They have been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darling, that would not be the way with us. Sure 'tis one we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing.—"Morris, Morris, we've quarreled a score of times already; and to my thinking, a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I tell about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Duden said of me to Mark Grey, eh, Morris?"

"The long dark lashes Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low but delicately pencilled brow, as she looked up at her lover; her lips curled with a half playful, half-wedding smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with an eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm around her waist, and pushing the clusters from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving but mournful look.

"Leaving joking now, Norah; God only knows how I love you," he said in a voice broken by emotion; "I'm your equal as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine, yet I can't pretend to deserve you for all that, only I can't help saying that we love each other, (now don't go to contradict me, Norah, because you've as good as owned it over and over again) and yet father's agreeable, and all to think that yet mother just out of divilment, should be putting betwixt us, for no other reason on earth only to spite her lawful husband, in what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good for—"

"Stop, Mr. Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as to effectually prevent a sound from escaping; "it's my mother ye're talking of, and it would be ill blood as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said on an own parent. Is that the pattern of ye'r manners, sir, or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to ye?"

"I as ye'r pardon, my own Norah," he replied meekly as in duty bound; "for the sake of the lamb we spare the sheep. Why not? and I'm not going to gossamer, but ye'r mother—" "The least said is the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl.

"Good even, Morris, and God bless ye—they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother or thinks where I am."

"Norah, above all the girls at the wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and you have been nearer to me than anything else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of young heart's love, do you think if there's no way to win your mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss of those leaves, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think, since ye'll do nothing without her consent, do think—"

It is a fact, equally well known and credited in the good barony of Bargo, that Morris Donovan possessed an honest, sincere and affectionate heart—brave as a lion and gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew, understood Latin as well as the priest himself, and better than that, he was the beau, the Magnus Apollo of the parish—a fine, noble looking fellow, that all the girls—from the housekeeper's lovely English niece to Lord Grot's down to little deaf Ben Mortimer, the lame dress maker—were regularly and desperately in love with.

still I must confess, perfection certainly was never found in man. Morris was at all times a little—the least bit in the world—stupid, not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention—would fight his way into a thousand scrapes, but could never get peaceably out of one. No wonder, then, when fighting was out of the question he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest of all the Irish girls; the light of heart, light of foot, light of eye; now weeping like a child over a dead chicken, or a plundered nest; then dancing on the top of a hayrick to the music of her own cheering voice—now coaxing her tennant mother, and anon comforting her henpecked father. Do not let my respected readers imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Clary were contemptible Irish bog trotters, with only a plot of potatoes, a pig and a one roomed cabin.

"I'm not going to laugh," replied the little maid at last after a very long pause, "I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it. I wonder—and he a priest—that he hadn't more sense. Sure mother was the man; but I've got a wise thought, Good night, dear Morris, good night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover perdu at the other side, without possessing an idea whether wise thought might be. When she entered the kitchen matters were going on as usual; her mother bustling in glorious style, and as cross her husband muttered, "as a bag of weasels."

"Ye're a pair of lazy huzzies," she exclaimed to a pair of fat armed, stockless handmaids, "d'ye think I can keep ye in idleness! Ten cents to the dozen; why, that wouldn't keep ye in prates, let alone salt, and intelligent flax, too. Barney Leary, ye dirty ne'er do good, can ye find no better employment this blessed night than kicking the turf ashes in the cat's face!—Oh, ye'll be mate for the ravens, yet, that's one comfort, Jack Clary," addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking, "it's well ye've got a wife that knows what's what. God help me! I've little good of husband, barring the name! Are you sure Black Nell's in the stable? The spouse noddy. 'The cow and calf—had they fresh straw?' Another nod. 'Bad luck to ye, man, leave a civil ye use your own tongue any, and answer a civil question!' continued the lady. 'My dear,' he replied, 'sure one like you has enough talk for ten.'

These very just observations were like most truths, so disagreeable that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear. "I don't think the stable door is fastened!" Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell.

"I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah. That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it isn't altogether about the stable that I wanted ye, but—"

"—the priest said something to ye to-day about—"

"—Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about yourself, my sweet Norah."

"Did ye speak to mother to about it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross all day, sure I go through a dale for peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason—but that's neither here nor there. As to Morris, he was very fond of the boy, till she found that I liked him, and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk, all in a minute—I'm afraid over the priest's!"

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day then?"

"Yes."

"True for ye, Norah, my girl—true for ye, I've never thought of that before." And, pleased with the idea of tricking a wife, the old man fairly capered with joy.

"But stay a while—stay, say, as ye'r recommended; show me I to manage! Sure, the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early, and he's out upon a station now—so there is no speaking with him, he's no ways quick either—we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in on a sudden."

"Leave it all to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl; "only take me up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with ye'r heart, father—only from the teeth out."

When they entered, the fresh boiled potatoes sent a warm, curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse salt, gossamer of butter milk were filled, and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and doll plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmers wife was her self preparing.

"What's for supper, mother," inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in spinning it round.

Barney Leary kilt them all himself. "So I did," said Barney, grinning; "and that stick widd a hook of Morris Donovan's is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the little table such a blow with his clinched hand as made not only it but Mrs. Clary jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house," replied Clary, "he's not to my liking any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

Excellent! thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes upon the table, "what's come to the man!" Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding the savory "bardeens," when to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw dish and contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a few moments aglaze.

The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and with blazing face and fiery tongue, thus commenced hostilities: "How can ye, ye sculpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore! what do you mane, I say?"

"I mane that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof, and if I catch that girl of mine looking on the same side of the road he walks on, by the powers, I'll tear the eyes out of her head and send her to the nunnery."

"You will! and dare you say that to my face, to a child of mine! You will—will ye'll see my boy! I'll tell you what, if I like, Morris Donovan shall come into this house, what's more, be master of this house, and that's what you never had the heart to be, yet, ye poor old snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary endeavored to regain from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her, but Mrs. Clary, lifting her up something after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with his claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped, and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing not only Morris, but Morris's uncle, father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpless spouse, as, and roundly, too, by cross and saint, that before sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norah's eye dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch hole, it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in a monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and frosty—long slender icicles hung from the branches of the hawthorn and holly, and even under the light footstep cracked like feathery glass. The mountain rill murmured under a frost bound covering, and the poor sheep in their warm fleeces, gazed mournfully on the landscape, beautiful as it was in the healthy morning light, for neither on hill nor dale could they discover a mouthful of grass.

The chill December breeze rushed unheeded over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for her wise thought had prospered, and she was hastening to the trusting tree, where by chance, either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love runs smooth, it becomes uninteresting except to the parties concerned.

So it is now only left for me to say, that the maiden, after due time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended—a practice by the way which I strongly recommend as the best mode of discovering the temper, &c., of the gentleman—told him her sassy plan, and its results. And the lover listened upon wings of love, which I beg my reader to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than any other country—to arise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing his reverence loved his nephew and his niece that was to be (say nothing of the wedding supper and the profits arising therefrom) too well not to add their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the folks enough to talk about during the Christmas holiday, I cannot describe.

The bride of course, looked lovely and sheepish, and the bridegroom—but, pshaw, bridegrooms are always uninteresting. When father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bride and groom had passed, father Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up and seizing a shillelagh of stout oak whirled it rapidly over his head, shouting—"Carry me out! old Ireland forever! shout, boys! she's let."

The priest too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard, but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to regret her "Wise Thought."

BRIGHT BOY THAT. One day while Mrs. W. had the ministers to dinner, little Charley getting quite hungry, went to his mother and whispered so loud that all the guests heard him—"If you don't give me something to eat I'll swear!"

Professor Longfellow has resigned the professorship of Belles Lettres and modern languages in Harvard College.

GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

The people of this State have confided to you an important trust. You have accepted it, and pledged yourselves to the faithful performance of the duties it devolves upon you. What those duties are, the constitution briefly defines in conferring upon you authority to make and establish all reasonable laws and regulations for the defence and benefit of the people. The people have a right to require of you a strict adherence to the line of duty thus clearly indicated. Any deviation from it must lead to the assumption of authority not conferred, the exercise of functions not delegated. The welfare of the people, the destinies of the State for the time being are entrusted to your keeping; and, viewed aright, it is a high, a sacred, a momentous trust,—not one thoughtlessly to be assumed, nor lightly to be regarded—one which should quicken every mind with a conviction of responsibility, and a steadfast resolution that the protection of the people's rights, the protection of their interests, shall constitute the sole object of deliberation, and that nothing foreign to that object shall be permitted to occupy your time or thought as legislators.

In this brief allusion to your duties and responsibilities, I am not unmindful of those which are attached to the position which you, as representatives of the people, and in the mode provided by the constitution, have assumed. I assume anew those responsibilities, and enter upon the performance of those duties, looking for strength and guidance to Him who presides over the destinies of men and nations. The obligations of the oath of fidelity rest upon us alike. Let it be our earnest effort and highest ambition to be alike faithful to duty.

You have surrounded me with constitutional advisers of my own political faith,—men in whose ability, wisdom, and honesty of purpose, I have the highest confidence. It was on your part, it is true, but a simple act of justice; yet one which demands from me an expression of gratitude which I cheerfully render, for the magnanimity which prompted it. I fully recognize the additional authority with which it invests me, and the additional responsibility it imposes. The obligation I am under to assume the one, forlaid that I should shrink from the exercise of the other.

In the popular phraseology of the day, which I may be excused for employing, my administration of the affairs of the State, so far as I am immediately concerned, will be with a single eye to that economy which is most in harmony with the idea of a republican form of government. So far as lies in my power, the public treasury, and the public domain, shall be protected from speculation and plunder. Believing that the supreme Executive of the State is in a high degree responsible for the faithful execution of the laws, in the selection of the officers charged with the performance of that duty, I shall appoint those only who are honest and capable; and I entertain the belief that I shall find the necessary number among those whose political sentiments harmonize with my own. I make this early and public declaration for the purpose of relieving others as well as myself from any unnecessary expenditure of time and effort in this direction.

Political parties are incident to every form of government in which freedom of thought and utterance are tolerated. Their existence is not to be deprecated, for in the weakness of human nature, it is to the watchful eye which each keeps upon the movement of the other, that we can look with confidence and integrity in the administration of civil and religious liberty. It is only when plunder, rather than principle, becomes the cohesive power of party, that party becomes unmitigated evil. Political parties should be, as with us they have long been, and as I trust they ever may be, the exponents of principles. To abandon the one, is to renounce the other. The right of every man so to do is unquestionable; convinced of error, that right becomes a duty; a duty which should be discharged boldly, fearlessly, manfully. No party subterfuge should be permitted to serve as an apology—no anticipations of personal profit or aggrandizement admitted as a justification for the abandonment of party and principle. The integrity of the individual members of political parties, of the parties themselves, and of the Union, are synonymous; and each involves the destiny of the other.

Although, in the estimation of many, party is shorn of its crown and sceptre, it is not yet destroyed. Party creeds are not yet abolished. They are fully represented in your body, but I am unable to anticipate any question to come before you for consideration, which will furnish occasion for the discussion of articles of political faith, or their modes of action; or any matter, save one, which may call into exercise partisan feeling. I refer to the election of a Senator to fill the vacancy, existing in the representation from this State in the Senate of the United States; and I must be permitted to express the hope, perhaps a futile one, that this matter may be finally disposed of at an early stage of the session, and not permitted to interfere with or retard the more important business for which you are convened. Such being the condition of things, I am unable to discover

ught which should prevent you from entering with alacrity and harmony upon the work assigned you, and from furnishing your constituents

with a diligent improvement of time, with conclusive evidence that devotion to their interests rather than the passion for place and its emoluments, is with you a controlling principle.

It is part of the duty imposed upon the Chief Magistrate to give to the Legislature, from time to time, information of the condition of the State, and to recommend to their consideration such measures as he may deem expedient.—The annual reports of the State Treasurer, the Land Agent, the Adjutant General, and the Executive officers of the several state institutions will be in due time laid before you.—Those reports will furnish you with necessary information in relation to the present condition of the finances of the State, its lands and other properties, and its institutions.

In performance of the other branch of duty devolved to, allow me to recommend to you, first of all, to legislate no more than the unquestionable wants of the people, the protection of their rights, and the promotion of their interests render absolutely necessary. The time has not yet arrived for the promulgation of the doctrine that no further legislation is needed.—New combinations of circumstances, new emergencies will of course continue to arise, as new fields of enterprise are opened, calling for the exercise of the legislative power.

But it has been for some time very apparent that the demand for legislation far exceeded the necessity for it. Legislation extensively to benefit the whole people, but designed in reality to meet some case which has arisen between individuals, to say nothing of the injustice it may occasion to one of the parties, tends materially to diminish public confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the law making power. The attempt to provide by law for every case which may by possibility arise will ever prove an idle one. It is in vain to look for perfection in human legislation. The attempt to arrive at it by amendments usually defeats its object, or, at least, leaves it unattained. As a choice of evils I hold it to be wiser, more for the interest of the people, oftentimes, to retain upon the statute book a law as it is, even altho' imperfect in some of its provisions, than to be perpetually laboring to amend it. It is a legal maxim that every man is presumed to know the law. Such being the rule recognized and enforced by our courts in the administration of justice, it is in justice due to every man that our laws should be as few and as free from complexity as possible.

No trifling portion of the sessions of the Legislature is consumed in what is termed special legislation; legislation for individuals, but presumed to be, indirectly, for the benefit of the whole people. Such legislation is incident to the business enterprise which characterizes us as a people: no exception is to be taken to it as such. But it will not be amiss for me to remind you, that in so legislating for one individual you should have a careful regard for the interests of others, and see well to it that the natural rights of every citizen, as well as those secured by the Constitution, are not infringed.

There are a few subjects of general interest, to which I desire very briefly, to direct your attention at this time, reserving as a subject for future communication others of minor importance.

The contract entered into by the Commissioners appointed at the last annual session of the Legislature for the purchase of the public lands lying in this State belonging to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and ratified by the Legislature at its last special session has been perfected and the title of Massachusetts transferred to this State. The conflicting interests which during the greater portion of our existence as an independent State have embarrassed the management of our public lands, and in no slight degree retarded their settlement and improvement have ceased to exist, and we are now at liberty to adopt and pursue, unembarrassed, such policy in the management and disposal of the entire public domain as may be deemed most for our interest. What the wisest policy is you are to decide, and it is a question upon which there will be found to be, probably, no little diversity of opinion.

The first instalment of the debt incurred in the purchase of the Massachusetts lands will not become due till the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three. The necessity for a forced sale of the lands purchased, therefore, does not now exist. Yet, for many reasons most obvious to every mind, immediate sales, to any amount, of lands suitable for agricultural purposes, to such as will enter upon and improve them with a view to a permanent settlement, are desirable. No readier method of augmenting the resources of the State can be devised than by adding to its population and taxable property. Sales of land to actual settlers tend directly to this end; and that will be judicious legislation which holds out strong inducements to the young, industrious and enterprising population of our own and other States to become purchasers.—How strong those inducements should be I will not undertake to decide; but it requires no great amount of arithmetical skill to arrive at the result, that the acquisition of any one industrious, intelligent, enterprising citizen is worth far more to the State than the lot of land he enters upon and cultivates would be were it to remain uncultivated.

It has heretofore been regarded as no policy for the State to encourage settlements upon her lands by aiding, directly or indirectly, in the

with this Order to be published in the Rockland Gazette printed at Rockland in said Court three weeks successively, previous to sale.

ARNOLD BLANEY, Judge of Probate
Attest: E. FOOTE, Jr., Register.
True copy—Attest: E. FOOTE, Jr., Register.

